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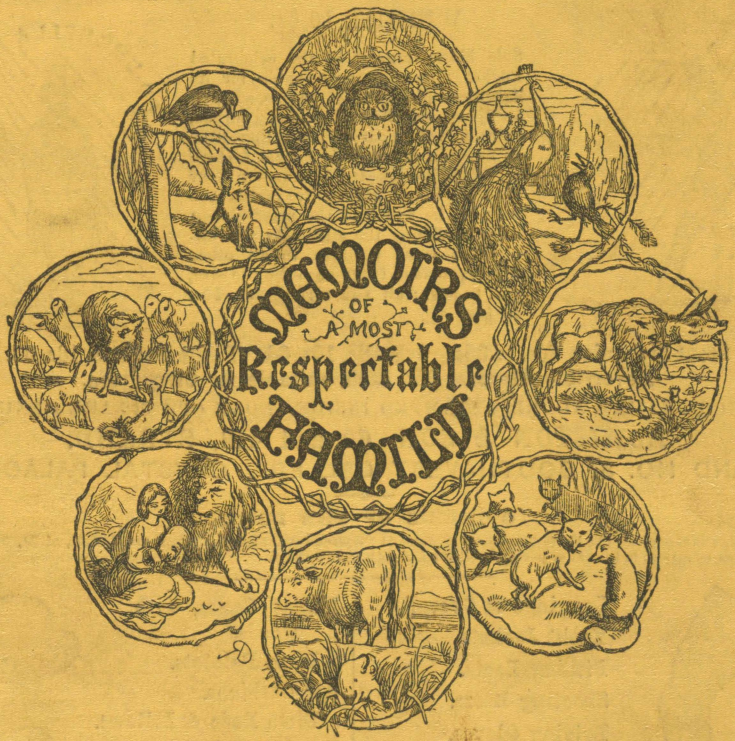
THE NEWCOMES



EDITED BY

ARTHUR PENDENNIS ESQre

ILLUSTRATED by RICHARD DOYLE.

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1854.

No. 9. JUNE. Price 1s.

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THE POCKET SIPHONIA,

OR WATERPROOF OVERCOAT.

WEIGHT 10 oz.

Sole Manufacturers of the celebrated Pocket Siphonia, remarkable for its lightness and softness of texture, adapted for Sportsmen, Travellers, and Tourists, easily folded to carry in the Pocket or on Saddle ; the most *important* feature in this *Waterproofing* is a new PATENT process, which effectually resists the heat of the sun and the most violent rains, obviating the stickiness and unpleasant smell peculiar to all other Waterproofs.—Price according to size, 40s. to 50s. ; all silk throughout, 50s. to 60s.

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Reversible Alpacas, 35s. each, suitable for Clergymen.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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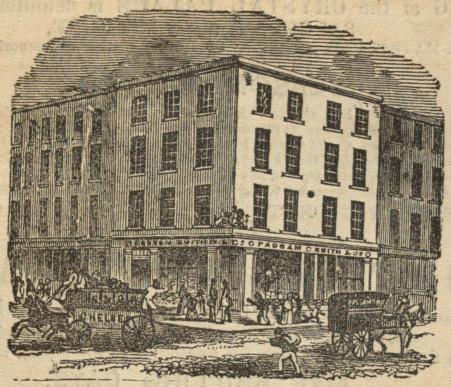
No. IX.—JUNE, 1854.

THE NEWCOMES ADVERTISER.

REDUCTION OF TEA DUTY.

NO. 1, COVENTRY STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.



PASSAM SMITH & COMPANY, in handing to their friends and customers a reduced List of Prices, in accordance with the altered Duty, beg to state that all Teas **sold by them** are of the **kind and quality specified** in that list; as for instance, the **Finest Souchong Tea** imported **is sold** by them at 5s. per lb., although from the spirit of competition in price, but certainly not in quality, second and third-rate puffing houses quote Best Lapsang Souchong 3s. 8d., and Best Assam Souchong, 3s. 8d. If charged with falsehood by those who are acquainted with the fact, they excuse themselves by saying it is the best **they keep**, which is at once acknowledging that the **best never forms a part of their Stock**; the cost price, with the present low duty added, being **considerably more** than they profess to retail it at, and as their expenses are large they must have a profit, which, from the rubbish they sell under the name of **best**, is probably much larger than that derived by those dealers who sell really the finest and best imported at fair market value, and which are by far more economical to the consumer.

The same remarks are equally applicable to Coffee. It seems to be the practice with some dealers to quote "**Peculiarly rare and rich Mocha Coffee, 20 years old**," at 1s. 6d. per lb., when the original price exceeds that at which they profess to sell it, and which, if 20 years' interest of money be added, would not leave them a bare profit even at 3s. per lb. A little reflection upon these matters would prevent the public from being so egregiously deceived, for it is manifestly improbable that any prudent or honest man would be constantly selling his goods at a loss.

BLACK TEAS.

	s.	d.
Sound Common Congou ..... per lb.	2	8
Good full-flavoured Congou .....2s. 10d. to	3	0
Fine rough, full-bodied Congou.....3s. 4d. to	3	8
Very fine Congou, similar to the late East India Company's true, old, Souchong flavour, highly recommended	4	0
Lapsang Souchong, true, rich, and strong.....	4	4
The very finest Lapsang Souchong imported	5	0
The peculiarly rich, new and extraordinary Hyson Pekoe.....	5	0
Fine to finest scented Orange Pekoe .....4s. to	5	0
Finest flowery Pekoe.....	5	0

This is the description so much patronised by the Russian and Austrian Courts, there known as Caravan Tea.

GREEN TEAS.

	s.	d.
Good Hyson kind, and Young Hyson .....per lb.	2	10
Fine Hyson	4	0
Hyson, superior ditto, strong, full flavoured	4	6
Very Fine Hyson.....	5	0
Hyson, first quality, close leaf, strongly recommended	5	4
Young Hyson, strong burnt.....3s. 6d. to	4	0
Ouchain, recommended.....	5	0
Gunpowder, Imperial, delicate flavour, recommended	4	0
Gunpowder, pearl leaf..... 3s. 6d. to	4	6
Gunpowder, fine, strong burnt .....5s. to	5	6
Gunpowder, fine close twisted leaf.....	6	0

For the convenience of Families residing in the country, whose consumption is not adequate to the purchase of an original package, P. S. & Co. continue to divide chests and half chests into quantities suitable to the buyers, thus enabling them to join together and reap advantages enjoyed by the larger buyers at this establishment.

COFFEES.

1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 8d. Best OLD MOCHA, 1s. 10d. All are perfectly genuine, and are not adulterated with Chicory or any other ingredient whatever.

TERMS:—Cash on the Delivery of Goods. From parties residing in the country, if accompanying their orders with a respectable reference, a remittance on the receipt of goods will be satisfactory.

PASSAM SMITH & COMPANY, Tea and Coffee Dealers,

1, COVENTRY STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON.

OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE OPENING of the CRYSTAL PALACE is definitely fixed to take place on SATURDAY, the 10th of JUNE,
on which occasion HER MAJESTY has graciously signified her intention of honouring the inauguration with her presence.

SEASON TICKETS.

SEASON TICKETS may now be had at the Palace; at the Offices, 3, Adelaide Place, London Bridge, and 14, Regent Street; at the Brighton Railway Terminus, London Bridge; at Sams', 1, St. James's Street; Mitchell's, Bond Street; Gunter's, Lowndes Street; Westerton's, Knightsbridge; Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside; Letts, Son, and Steer, Royal Exchange; Brill's Royal Baths, Brighton: Mr. Wm. Brooks, 2, High Street, Southampton; and at Messrs. Smith & Sons' Book-stalls on the Railways. Tickets, to include Conveyance by Railway, can be had only at the Office of the Secretary to the Brighton Railway, London Bridge, and at 14, Regent Street.

HOLDERS OF SEASON TICKETS ONLY will be admitted to the Opening of the Palace.

OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, 1854.

IT is intended to Open the Crystal Palace and Park on the 10th of JUNE; after which they will be Open DAILY, Sundays excepted.

The following are the arrangements for the Admission of the Public:—

FIVE SHILLING DAYS.

On Saturdays the Public will be Admitted by Payment at the Doors, by Tickets of 5s. each, and by Tickets to include Conveyance by Railway.

HALF-CROWN DAYS.

On Fridays the Public will be Admitted by Payment at the Doors, by Tickets of 2s. 6d. each, and by Tickets to include Conveyance by Railway.

SHILLING DAYS.

Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays will be Shilling Days. At the Gates a Payment of One Shilling each will Admit the Public, or Tickets entitling the holder to Admission to the Palace and Park, and also to Conveyance along the Crystal Palace Railway, from London Bridge Station to the Palace and back, will be issued at the following prices:—

Including First Class Carriage		2s. 6d.
Including Second	ditto	2s. 0d.
Including Third	ditto	1s. 6d.

CHILDREN.

Children under 12 years of age will be admitted at half the above rates.

HOURS OF OPENING.

The Palace and Park will be Opened on Mondays at Nine o'clock; on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, at Ten o'clock, a.m.; and on Fridays and Saturdays, at Twelve o'clock; and close every day an hour before sunset.

SEASON TICKETS.

Season Tickets are now issued at Two Guineas each, to admit the Proprietor to the Palace and Park on the Day of Opening, and on all other days when the Building is open to the Public up to 30th April, 1855.

No Season Ticket will be transferable or available except to the person whose signature it bears.

FAMILY SEASON TICKETS.

Members of the same family who reside together have the privilege of taking Season Tickets for their own use, with or without Railway Conveyance, on the following reduced terms:—

On Two Tickets a discount of 10 per cent. on the gross amount; Three Tickets, a discount of 15 per cent.; Four Tickets, a discount of 20 per cent.; and Five Tickets and upwards, a discount of 25 per cent. Families claiming the above privilege, and desiring to avail themselves of it, must apply in a prescribed form, which may be had at the Office, 3, Adelaide Place, and at the other Offices for Tickets. These tickets will be available only to the persons named in such application.

RAILWAY SEASON TICKETS,

including Conveyance along the Crystal Palace Railway from London Bridge to the Palace and back, are issued by the London and Brighton Company, at their Offices, London Bridge. Single Tickets, £1 4s. each; Family Tickets at the same reduction as above.

SPECIAL REGULATIONS AND BYE-LAWS.

All the general provisions and regulations mentioned above are to be understood as being subservient to such special provisions, regulations, and bye-laws on the part of the Railway Company and the Palace Company, as may be found necessary to regulate the traffic, and to meet special occasions and circumstances which may from time to time arise.

By order of the Board,
G. GROVE, *Secretary.*

Adelaide Place, London Bridge, May 11, 1854.

Schedule of Prices of Family Season Tickets.

Without Conveyance by Railway.									Including Conveyance by Railway.								
Two Tickets	...	£3	16	0	Seven	,,	...	11	0	6	Two Tickets	...	£7	11	6	Seven	,,	...	22	1	0
Three	,,	...	5	7	6	Eight	,,	...	12	12	0	Three	,,	...	10	14	6	Eight	,,	...	25	4	0
Four	,,	...	6	15	0	Nine	,,	...	14	3	6	Four	,,	...	13	9	0	Nine	,,	...	28	7	0
Five	,,	...	7	17	6	Ten	,,	...	15	15	0	Five	,,	...	15	15	0	Ten	,,	...	31	10	0
Six	,,	...	9	9	0							Six	,,	...	18	18	0						

NOTE.—Applications for Single or Family Season Tickets must be addressed to the Secretary, and accompanied by a remittance for the full amount of the Tickets asked for, according to the above Schedule, in favour of GEORGE FASSON, 3, Adelaide Place. Cheques must be on a London Banker, and be crossed with the words "Union Bank of London." And no application, unless so accompanied, will be attended to.

CRYSTAL PALACE, 1854.

GENERAL PUBLICATIONS.

Preparing for Publication, and will be issued on the Day of Opening, the following

GUIDES AND HANDBOOKS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CONTENTS OF THE EXHIBITION:—

1. GENERAL GUIDE BOOK TO THE PALACE AND PARK. With numerous Illustrations. By SAMUEL PHILLIPS.
2. HANDBOOK TO THE EGYPTIAN COURT. With Illustrations. By OWEN JONES and SAMUEL SHARPE.
3. HANDBOOK TO THE GREEK COURT. With Illustrations. By GEORGE SCHARF, Jun.
4. HANDBOOK TO THE ROMAN COURT. With Illustrations. By GEORGE SCHARF, Jun.
5. HANDBOOK TO THE ALHAMBRA COURT. With Illustrations. By OWEN JONES.
6. HANDBOOK TO THE NINEVEH COURT. With Illustrations. By A. H. LAYARD, M.P.
7. HANDBOOK TO THE BYZANTINE COURT. With Illustrations. By M. DIGBY WYATT and J. B. WARING.
8. HANDBOOK TO THE MEDIÆVAL COURT. With Illustrations. By M. DIGBY WYATT and J. B. WARING.
9. HANDBOOK TO THE RENAISSANCE COURT. With Illustrations. By M. DIGBY WYATT and J. B. WARING.
10. HANDBOOK TO THE ITALIAN COURT. With Illustrations. By M. DIGBY WYATT and J. B. WARING.
11. HANDBOOK TO THE POMPEIAN COURT. With Illustrations. By GEORGE SCHARF, Jun.
12. HANDBOOK TO THE SCHOOLS OF MODERN SCULPTURE. By Mrs. JAMESON.
13. HOW TO SEE THE SCULPTURE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE. By RAFFAELE MONTI.
14. THE PORTRAIT GALLERY OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE. Described by SAMUEL PHILLIPS.
15. HANDBOOK TO THE ETHNOLOGICAL AND ZOOLOGICAL DEPARTMENTS. With Illustrations. By PROFESSOR EDWARD FORBES and DR. LATHAM.
16. THE EXTINCT ANIMALS AND GEOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATIONS DESCRIBED. With Plan and Drawings. By PROFESSOR OWEN.
17. THE CRYSTAL PALACE INDUSTRIAL DIRECTORY.

These Books, written in a popular style, with a strictly instructive and educational aim, are to be published separately at a very low price, in order to bring them within the reach of all visitors.

BRADBURY & EVANS, Printers and Publishers to the Crystal Palace Company, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, where all necessary information relating to these works may be obtained.

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"You have rendered an essential service to science by your researches, and your efforts to provide sufferers with this medicine in its purest and most genuine state must ensure you the gratitude of every one who stands in need of its use.

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"Yours sincerely,

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"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request by giving you my opinion of the quality of the Oil of which you gave me a sample ; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The Oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that for medical purposes no finer Oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear sir, to be very faithfully yours,

(Signed) "JONATHAN PEREIRA.

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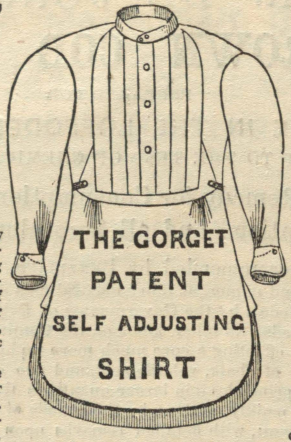
The ELLIPTIC 3-fold COLLAR, quite unique, in all shapes, with PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING, 12s. the dozen. The PATENT ELASTIC COLLAR FASTENING can be attached to any Collar, opening back or front. Six sent by Post on receipt of 13 Postage Stamps.



THE

ELLIPTIC COLLAR,

TO FASTEN IN FRONT.

WITH PATENT ELASTIC FASTENING.

Directions for Measurement.

1. Round the Chest, over the Shirt.
2. Round the Waist, over the Shirt.
3. Round the Neck, middle of Throat.
4. Round the Wrist.
5. Length of Coat Sleeve, from centre of Back, down seam of Sleeve, to bottom of Cuff.
6. Length of Shirt at back.

The first four measures must be taken *tight*.

Say if the Shirts are to open back or front.

If with Collars attached (3s. the half-dozen extra).

If Buttons or Studs in Front.

If Buttons or Studs at Wrist.

Sample Shirt forwarded upon receipt of a Post Office Order for 8s. 6d.

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NEXT DOOR TO THE

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PARASOLS.

THE demand for a much better and more elegant description of Parasol having prevailed during the last few years,

W. & J. SANGSTER

have again had manufactured in Lyons and Spitalfields to their order some very rich and costly patterns, of which they respectfully solicit an inspection.

W. & J. S. also beg to say they will receive, in a few weeks, from Canton, another parcel of China Crape Parasol Covers, made expressly for their house, which article was so much admired last season.

Alpaca Parasols are particularly recommended for the sea-side and garden, on account of their great durability.

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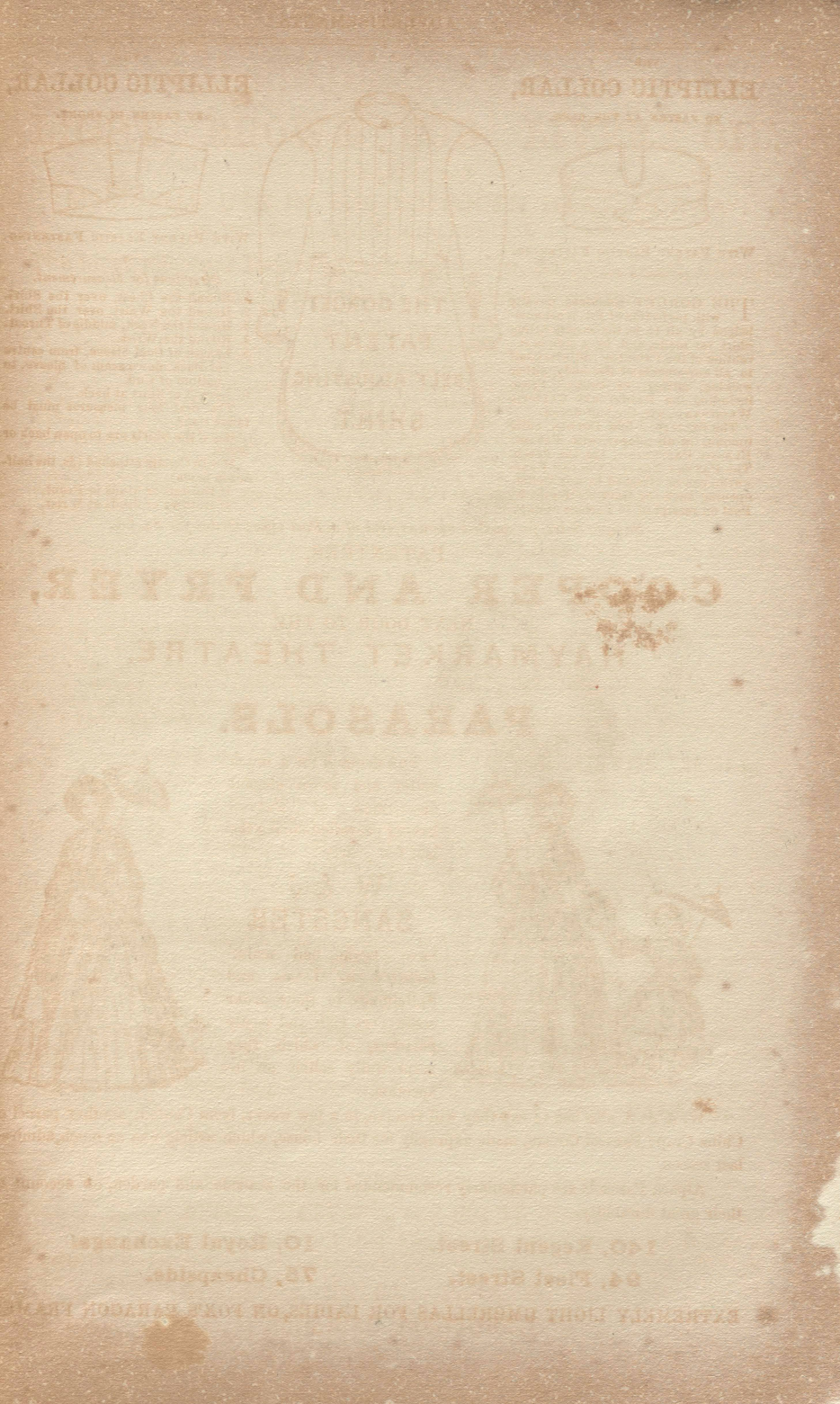
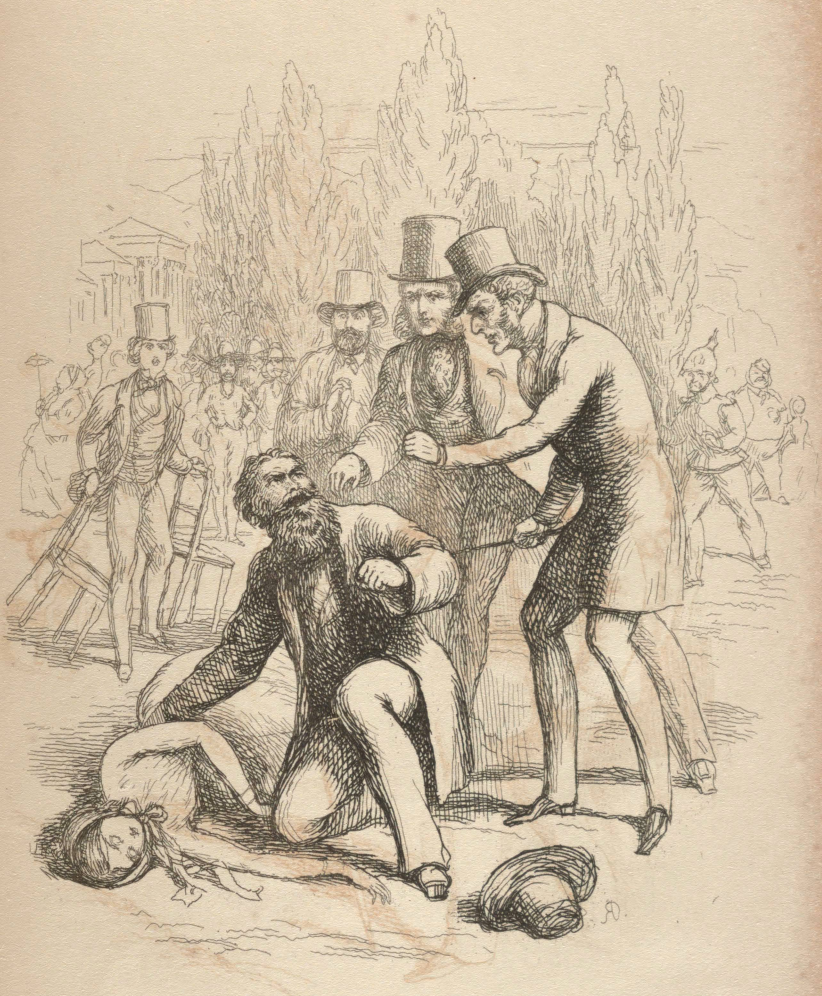
EXTREMELY LIGHT UMBRELLAS FOR LADIES, ON FOX'S PARAGON FRAMES.



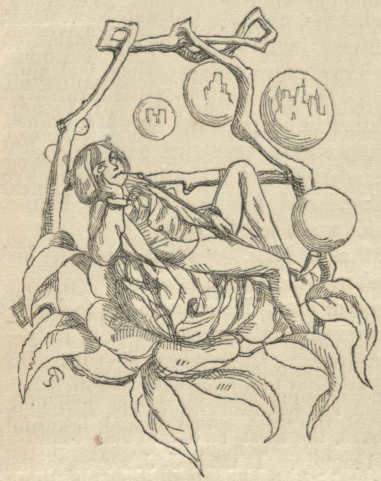
A meeting in Rhineland.



An incident in the life of Jack Belsize.

CHAPTER XXVII.

YOUTH AND SUNSHINE.



ALTHOUGH Thomas Newcome was gone back to India in search of more money, finding that he could not live upon his income at home, he was nevertheless rather a wealthy man; and at the moment of his departure from Europe had two lakhs of rupees invested in various Indian securities. "A thousand a year," he thought, "more, added to the interest accruing from my two lakhs, will enable us to live very comfortably at home. I can give Clive ten thousand pounds when he marries, and five hundred a-year out of my allowances. If he gets a wife with some money, they may have every enjoyment of life; and as for his pictures he can paint just as few or as many of those as he pleases." Newcome did not seem seriously to believe that his son would live by painting pictures, but considered Clive as a young prince who chose to amuse himself with painting. The Muse of Painting is a lady whose social station is not altogether recognised with us as yet. The polite world permits a gentleman to amuse himself with her, but to take her for better or for worse! forsake all other chances and cleave unto her! to assume her name! Many a respectable person would be as much shocked at the notion, as if his son had married an opera dancer.

Newcome left a hundred a-year in England, of which the principal sum was to be transferred to his boy as soon as he came of age. He endowed Clive farther with a considerable annual sum, which his London bankers would pay: "And if these are not enough," says he kindly, "you must draw upon my agents, Messrs. Franks and Merryweather, at Calcutta, who will receive your signature just as if it was mine." Before going away, he introduced Clive to F. and M.'s corresponding London house, Jolly and Baines, Fog Court—leading

out of Leadenhall—Mr. Jolly, a myth as regarded the firm, now married to Lady Julia Jolly—a park in Kent—evangelical interest—great at Exeter Hall meetings—knew Clive's grandmother—that is, Mrs. Newcome, a most admirable woman. Baines represents a house in the Regent's Park, with an emigrative tendency towards Belgravia—musical daughters—Herr Moscheles, Benedick, Ella, Osborne, constantly at dinner—sonatas in P flat (op. 936), composed and dedicated to Miss Euphemia Baines, by her most obliged, most obedient servant, Ferdinando Blitz. Baines hopes that his young friend will come constantly to York Terrace, where the girls will be most happy to see him; and mentions at home a singular whim of Colonel Newcome's, who can give his son twelve or fifteen hundred a-year, and makes an artist of him. Euphemia and Flora adore artists; they feel quite interested about this young man. "He was scribbling caricatures all the time I was talking with his father in my parlour," says Mr. Baines, and produces a sketch of an orange-woman near the Bank, who had struck Clive's eyes, and been transferred to the blotting-paper in Fog Court. "*He* needn't do anything," said good-natured Mr. Baines. "I guess all the pictures he'll paint won't sell for much."

"Is he fond of music, papa?" asks Miss. "What a pity he had not come to our last evening; and now the season is over!"

"And Mr. Newcome is going out of town. He came to me to-day for circular notes—says he's going through Switzerland and into Italy—lives in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. Queer place, ain't it? Put his name down in your book, and ask him to dinner next season."

Before Clive went away, he had an apparatus of easels, sketching-stools, umbrellas, and painting-boxes, the most elaborate and beautiful that Messrs. Soap and Isaac could supply. It made J. J.'s eyes glisten to see those lovely gimcracks of art; those smooth mill-boards, those slab-tinted sketching-blocks, and glistening rows of colour-tubes lying in their boxes, which seemed to cry, "Come, squeeze me." If painting-boxes made painters; if sketching-stools would but enable one to sketch, surely I would hasten this very instant to Messrs. Soap and Isaac! but, alas! these pretty toys no more make artists than cowls make monks.

As a proof that Clive did intend to practise his profession, and to live by it too, at this time he took four sporting sketches to a print-seller in the Haymarket, and disposed of them at the rate of seven shillings and sixpence per sketch. His exultation at receiving a sovereign and half a sovereign from Mr. Jones was boundless. "I can do half a dozen of these things easily in a morning," says he. "Two guineas a day is twelve guineas—say ten guineas a week, for I won't work on Sundays, and may take a holiday in the week besides. Ten guineas a week is five hundred a-year. That is pretty nearly as much money as I shall want, and I need not draw the dear old governor's allowance at all." He wrote an ardent letter, full of happiness and affection, to the kind father, which he shall find a month

after he has arrived in India, and read to his friends in Calcutta and Barrackpore. Clive invited many of his artist friends to a grand feast in honour of the thirty shillings. The King's Arms, Kensington, was the hotel selected (tavern beloved of artists for many score years!). Gandish was there, and the Gandishites and some chosen spirits from the Life Academy, Clipstone Street, and J. J. was vice-president, with Fred Bayham by his side, to make the speeches and carve the mutton; and I promise you many a merry song was sung, and many a health drunk in flowing bumpers; and as jolly a party was assembled as any London contained that day. The *beau monde* had quitted it; the Park was empty as we crossed it; and the leaves of Kensington Gardens had begun to fall, dying after the fatigues of a London season. We sang all the way home through Knightsbridge and by the Park railings, and the Covent Garden carters halting at the Half-way House were astonished at our choruses. There is no half-way house now; no merry chorus at midnight.

Then Clive and J. J. took the steam-boat to Antwerp; and those who love pictures may imagine how the two young men rejoiced in one of the most picturesque cities of the world; where they went back straightway into the sixteenth century; where the inn at which they staid (delightful old Grand Laboureur, thine ancient walls are levelled! thy comfortable hospitalities exist no more!) seemed such a hostelry as that where Quentin Durward first saw his sweetheart; where knights of Velasquez or burgomasters of Rubens seemed to look from the windows of the tall-gabled houses and the quaint porches; where the Bourse still stood, the Bourse of three hundred years ago, and you had but to supply figures with beards and ruffs, and rapiers and trunk-hose, to make the picture complete; where to be awakened by the carillon of the bells was to waken to the most delightful sense of life and happiness; where nuns, actual nuns, walked the streets, and every figure in the Place de Meir, and every devotee at church kneeling and draped in black, or entering the confessional (actually the confessional!), was a delightful subject for the new sketch-book. Had Clive drawn as much everywhere as at Antwerp, Messrs. Soap and Isaac might have made a little income by supplying him with materials.

After Antwerp, Clive's correspondent gets a letter dated from the Hotel de Suède at Brussels, which contains an elaborate eulogy of the cookery and comfort of that hotel, where the wines, according to the writer's opinion, are unmatched almost in Europe. And this is followed by a description of Waterloo, and a sketch of Hougoumont, in which J. J. is represented running away in the character of a French grenadier, Clive pursuing him in the life-guard's habit, and mounted on a thundering charger.

Next follows a letter from Bonn. Verses about Drachenfels of a not very superior style of versification: account of Crichton, an old Grey Friars man, who has become a student at the university; of a commerz,

a drunken bout; and a students' duel at Bonn. "And whom should I find here," says Mr. Clive, "but Aunt Ann, Ethel, Miss Quigley, and the little ones, the whole detachment under the command of Kuhn? Uncle Brian is staying at Aix. He is recovered from his attack. And, upon my conscience, I think my pretty cousin looks prettier every day.

"When they are not in London," Clive goes on to write, "or I sometimes think when Barnes or old Lady Kew are not looking over them, they are quite different. You know how cold they have latterly seemed to us, and how their conduct annoyed my dear old father. Nothing can be kinder than their behaviour since we have met. It was on the little hill at Godesberg, J. J. and I were mounting to the ruin, followed by the beggars who waylay you, and have taken the place of the other robbers who used to live there, when there came a procession of donkeys down the steep, and I heard a little voice cry 'Hullo! it's Clive! hooray, Clive!' and an ass came pattering down the declivity, with a little pair of white trowsers at an immensely wide angle over the donkey's back, and behold there was little Alfred grinning with all his might.

"He turned his beast and was for galloping up the hill again, I suppose to inform his relations; but the donkey refused with many kicks, one of which sent Alfred plunging amongst the stones, and we were rubbing him down just as the rest of the party came upon us. Miss Quigley looked very grim on an old white poney; my aunt was on a black horse that might have turned grey, he is so old. Then come two donkeysful of children, with Kuhn as supercargo; then Ethel on donkey back, too, with a bunch of wild flowers in her hand, a great straw hat with a crimson ribbon, a white muslin jacket you know, bound at the waist with a ribbon of the first, and a dark skirt, with a shawl round her feet which Kuhn had arranged. As she stopped, the donkey fell to cropping greens in the hedge; the trees there chequered her white dress and face with shadow. Her eyes, hair, and forehead were in shadow too—but the light was all upon her right cheek: upon her shoulder down to her arm, which was of a warmer white, and on the bunch of flowers which she held, blue, yellow and red poppies, and so forth.

"J. J. says 'I think the birds began to sing louder when she came.' We have both agreed that she is the handsomest woman in England. It's not her form merely, which is certainly as yet too thin and a little angular—it is her colour. I do not care for woman or picture without colour. O ye carnations! O ye *lilia mista rosis!* O such black hair and solemn eyebrows! It seems to me the roses and carnations have bloomed again since we saw them last in London; when they were drooping from the exposure to night air, candle light, and heated ball rooms.

"Here I was in the midst of a regiment of donkeys, bearing a crowd of relations; J. J. standing modestly in the back ground—beggars completing the group, and Kuhn ruling over them with voice and ges-

ture, oaths and whip. Throw in the Rhine in the distance flashing by the Seven Mountains—but mind and make Ethel the principal figure: if you make her like—she certainly *will* be—and other lights will be only minor fires. You may paint her form, but you can't paint her colour; that is what beats us in nature. A line *must* come right; you can force that into its place, but you can't compel the circumambient air. There is no yellow I know of will make sunshine; and no blue that is a bit like sky. And so with pictures: I think you only get signs of colour, and formulas to stand for it. That brickdust which we agree to receive as representing a blush, look at it—can you say it is in the least like the blush which flickers and varies as it sweeps over the down of the cheek—as you see sunshine playing over a meadow? Look into it and see what a variety of delicate blooms there are! a multitude of flowerets twining into one tint! We may break our colour pots and strive after the line alone: that is palpable and we can grasp it—the other is impossible and beyond us." Which sentiment I here set down, not on account of its worth (and I think it is contradicted—as well as asserted—in more than one of the letters I subsequently had from Mr. Clive), but it may serve to show the ardent and impulsive disposition of this youth, by whom all beauties of art and nature, animate or inanimate, (the former especially,) were welcomed with a gusto and delight whereof colder temperaments are incapable. The view of a fine landscape, a fine picture, a handsome woman, would make this harmless young sensualist tipsy with pleasure. He seemed to derive an actual hilarity and intoxication as his eye drank in these sights; and, though it was his maxim that all dinners were good, and he could eat bread and cheese and drink small beer with perfect good humour, I believe that he found a certain pleasure in a bottle of claret, which most men's systems were incapable of feeling.

This spring-time of youth is the season of letter-writing. A lad in high health and spirits, the blood running briskly in his young veins, and the world, and life, and nature bright and welcome to him, looks out, perforce, for some companion to whom he may impart his sense of the pleasure which he enjoys, and which were not complete unless a friend were by to share it. I was the person most convenient for the young fellow's purpose; he was pleased to confer upon me the title of friend *en titre*, and confidant in particular; to endow the confidant in question with a number of virtues and excellences which existed very likely only in the lad's imagination; to lament that the confidant had no sister whom he, Clive, might marry out of hand; and to make me a thousand simple protests of affection and admiration, which are noted here as signs of the young man's character, by no means as proofs of the goodness of mine. The books given to the present biographer by "his affectionate friend, Clive Newcome," still bear on the title-pages the marks of that boyish hand and youthful fervour. He had a copy of "Walter Lorraine," bound and gilt with such splendour as made the author blush for his performance, which has since been seen at the book-stalls at a price

suited to the very humblest purses. He fired up and fought a newspaper critic (whom Clive met at the Haunt one night) who had dared to write an article in which that work was slighted; and if, in the course of nature, his friendship has outlived that rapturous period; the kindness of the two old friends, I hope, is not the less because it is no longer romantic, and the days of white vellum and gilt edges have passed away. From the abundance of the letters which the affectionate young fellow now wrote, the ensuing portion of his youthful history is compiled. It may serve to recal passages of their early days to such of his seniors as occasionally turn over the leaves of a novel; and in the story of his faults, indiscretions, passions, and actions, young readers may be reminded of their own.

Now that the old Countess, and perhaps Barnes, were away, the barrier between Clive and this family seemed to be withdrawn. The young folks who loved him were free to see him as often as he would come. They were going to Baden: would he come too? Baden was on the road to Switzerland, he might journey to Strasbourg, Basle, and so on. Clive was glad enough to go with his cousins—and travel in the orbit of such a lovely girl as Ethel Newcome. J. J. performed the second part always when Clive was present: and so they all travelled to Coblentz, Mayence, and Frankfort together, making the journey which everybody knows, and sketching the mountains and castles we all of us have sketched. Ethel's beauty made all the passengers on all the steamers look round and admire. Clive was proud of being in the suite of such a lovely person. The family travelled with a pair of those carriages, which used to thunder along the continental roads a dozen years since, and from interior, box, and rumble discharge a dozen English people at hotel gates.

The journey is all sunshine and pleasure and novelty: the circular notes with which Mr. Baines of Fog Court has supplied Clive Newcome, Esquire, enabled that young gentleman to travel with great ease and comfort. He has not yet ventured upon engaging a valet de chambre, it being agreed between him and J. J. that two travelling artists have no right to such an aristocratic appendage, but he has bought a snug little britzska at Frankfort, (the youth has very polite tastes, is already a connoisseur in wine, and has no scruple in ordering the best at the hotels,) and the britzska travels in company with Lady Ann's caravan, either in its wake so as to be out of reach of the dust, or more frequently a-head of that enormous vehicle, and its tender, in which come the children and the governess of Lady Ann Newcome, guarded by a huge and melancholy London footman, who beholds Rhine and Neckar, valley and mountain, village and ruin, with a like dismal composure. Little Alfred and little Egbert are by no means sorry to escape from Miss Quigley and the tender, and ride for a stage or two in Clive's britzska. The little girls cry sometimes to be admitted to that privilege. I dare say Ethel would like very well to quit her place in the caravan, where she sits circumvented by Mamma's dogs, and books,

bags, dressing boxes, and gimcrack cases, without which apparatus some English ladies of condition cannot travel; but Miss Ethel is grown up, she is out, and has been presented at Court, and is a person of too great dignity now to sit anywhere but in the place of state in the chariot corner. I like to think for my part of the gallant young fellow taking his pleasure and enjoying his holiday, and few sights are more pleasant than to watch a happy manly English youth, free-handed and generous-hearted, content and good-humour shining in his honest face, pleased and pleasing, eager, active, and thankful for services, and exercising bravely his noble youthful privilege to be happy and to enjoy. Sing, cheery spirit, whilst the spring lasts; bloom whilst the sun shines, kindly flowers of youth! You shall be none the worse to-morrow for having been happy to-day, if the day brings no action to shame it. As for J. J., he too had his share of enjoyment; the charming scenes around him did not escape his bright eye, he absorbed pleasure in his silent way, he was up with the sunrise always, and at work with his eyes and his heart if not with his hands. A beautiful object too is such a one to contemplate, a pure virgin soul, a creature gentle, pious, and full of love, endowed with sweet gifts, humble and timid, but for truth's and justice's sake inflexible, thankful to God and man, fond, patient, and faithful. Clive was still his hero as ever, his patron, his splendid young prince and chieftain. Who was so brave, who was so handsome, generous, witty as Clive? To hear Clive sing as the lad would whilst they were seated at their work, or driving along on this happy journey, through fair landscapes in the sunshine, gave J. J. the keenest pleasure: his wit was a little slow, but he would laugh with his eyes at Clive's sallies, or ponder over them and explode with laughter presently, giving a new source of amusement to these merry travellers, and little Alfred would laugh at J.J.'s laughing: and so, with a hundred harmless jokes to enliven, and the ever changing, ever charming smiles of nature to cheer and accompany it, the happy day's journey would come to an end.

So they travelled by the accustomed route to the prettiest town of all places where Pleasure has set up her tents; and where the gay, the melancholy, the idle or occupied, grave or naughty, come for amusement, or business, or relaxation; where London beauties, having danced and flirted all the season, may dance and flirt a little more; where well-dressed rogues from all quarters of the world assemble; where I have seen severe London lawyers, forgetting their wigs and the Temple, trying their luck against fortune and M. Bénazet; where wistful schemers conspire and prick cards down, and deeply meditate the infallible coup; and try it, and lose it, and borrow a hundred francs to go home; where even virtuous British ladies venture their little stakes, and draw up their winnings with trembling rakes, by the side of ladies who are not virtuous at all, no not even by name; where young prodigals break the bank sometimes, and carry plunder out of a place which Hercules himself could scarcely compel; where you meet wonderful

countesses and princesses, whose husbands are almost always absent on their vast estates—in Italy, Spain, Piedmont—who knows where their lordship's possessions are?—while trains of suitors surround those wandering Penelopes their noble wives; Russian Boyars, Spanish Grandees of the Order of the Fleece, Counts of France, and Princes Polish and Italian innumerable, who perfume the gilded halls with their tobacco-smoke, and swear in all languages against the Black and the Red. The famous English monosyllable by which things, persons, luck, even eyes, are devoted to the infernal gods, we may be sure is not wanting in that Babel. Where does one not hear it? "D— the luck," says Lord Kew, as the croupier sweeps off his lordship's rouleaux. "D— the luck," says Brown, the bagman, who has been backing his lordship with five franc pieces. "Ah, body of Bacchus!" says Count Felice, whom we all remember a courier. "Ah, sacré coup," cries M. le Vicomte de Florac, as his last louis parts company from him—each cursing in his native tongue. O sweet chorus!

That Lord Kew should be at Baden is no wonder. If you heard of him at the Finish, or at Buckingham Palace ball, or in a watch-house, or at the Third Cataract, or at a Newmarket meeting, you would not be surprised. He goes everywhere; does everything with all his might; knows everybody. Last week he won who knows how many thousand louis from the bank (it appears Brown has chosen one of the unlucky days to back his lordship). He will eat his supper as gaily after a great victory as after a signal defeat; and we know that to win with magnanimity requires much more constancy than to lose. His sleep will not be disturbed by one event or the other. He will play skittles all the morning with perfect contentment, romp with children in the forenoon (he is the friend of half the children in the place), or he will cheerfully leave the green-table and all the risk and excitement there, to take a hand at sixpenny whist with General Fogey, or to give the six Miss Fogeys a turn each in the ball-room. From H. R. H. the Prince Royal of ——, who is the greatest guest at Baden, down to Brown the bagman, who does not consider himself the smallest, Lord Kew is hail fellow with everybody, and has a kind word from and for all.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH CLIVE BEGINS TO SEE THE WORLD.

In the company assembled at Baden, Clive found one or two old acquaintances; among them his friend of Paris, M. de Florac, not in quite so brilliant a condition as when Newcome had last met him on the Boulevard. Florac owned that Fortune had been very unkind to him at Baden; and, indeed, she had not only emptied his purse, but his portmanteaus, jewel box, and linen closet—the contents of all of which had ranged themselves on the red and black against Monsieur Bénazet's crown pieces: whatever side they took was, however, the unlucky one. "This campaign has been my Moscow, *mon cher*," Florac owned to Clive. "I am conquered by Bénazet; I have lost in almost every combat. I have lost my treasure, my baggage, my ammunition of war, everything but my honour, which, *au reste*, Mons. Benazet will not accept as a stake: if he would, there are plenty here, believe me, who would set it on the Trente et Quarante. Sometimes I have had a mind to go home; my mother, who is an angel all forgiveness, would receive her prodigal, and kill the fatted veal for me. But what will you? He annoys me—the domestic veal. Besides, my brother the Abbé, though the best of Christians, is a Jew upon certain matters; a Bénazet who will not *troquer* absolution except against repentance; and I have not for a sou of repentance in my pocket! I have been sorry, yes—but it was because odd came up in place of even, or the reverse. The accursed *après* has chased me like a remorse, and when black has come up I have wished myself converted to red. Otherwise I have no repentance—I am *joueur*—nature has made me so, as she made my brother *dévot*. The Archbishop of Strasbourg is of our parents; I saw his grandeur when I went lately to Strasbourg, on my last pilgrimage to the Mont de Piété. I owned to him that I would pawn his cross and ring to go play: the good prelate laughed, and said his chaplain should keep an eye on them. Will you dine with me? The landlord of my hotel was the intendant of our cousin, the Duc d'Ivry, and will give me credit to the day of judgment. I do not abuse his noble confidence. My dear! there are covers of silver put upon my table every day with which I could retrieve my fortune, did I listen to the suggestions of Satanas; but I say to him, *Vade retro*. Come and dine with me—Duluc's kitchen is very good."

These easy confessions were uttered by a gentleman who was nearly

forty years of age, and who had indeed played the part of a young man in Paris and the great European world so long, that he knew or chose to perform no other. He did not want for abilities; had the best temper in the world; was well bred and gentlemanlike always; and was gay even after Moscow. His courage was known, and his character for bravery and another kind of gallantry probably exaggerated by his bad reputation. Had his mother not been alive, perhaps he would have believed in the virtue of no woman. But this one he worshipped, and spoke with tenderness and enthusiasm of her constant love and patience and goodness. "See her miniature!" he said, "I never separate myself from it—O, never! It saved my life in an affair about—about a woman who was not worth the powder which poor Jules and I burned for her. His ball struck me here, upon the waistcoat, bruising my rib and sending me to my bed, which I never should have left alive but for this picture. O, she is an angel, my mother. I am sure that Heaven has nothing to deny that saint, and that her tears wash out my sins."

Clive smiled. "I think Madame de Florac must weep a good deal," he said.

"*Enormément*, my friend! My faith! I do not deny it! I give her cause, night and evening. I am possessed by demons! This little Affenthaler wine of this country has a little smack which is most agreeable. The passions tear me, my young friend! Play is fatal, but play is not so fatal as woman. Pass me the écrévisses, they are most succulent. Take warning by me, and avoid both. I saw you *rôder* round the green-tables, and marked your eyes as they glistened over the heaps of gold, and looked at some of our beauties of Baden. Beware of such syrens, young man! and take me for your Mentor; avoiding what I have done—that understands itself. You have not played as yet? Do not do so; above all avoid a martingale, if you do. Play ought not to be an affair of calculation, but of inspiration. I have calculated infallibly; and what has been the effect? Gousset empty, tiroirs empty, nécessaire parted for Strasbourg! Where is my fur pelisse, Frédéric?"

"Parbleu vous le savez bien, Monsieur le Vicomte," says Frederic, the domestic, who was waiting on Clive and his friend.

"A pelisse lined with true sable, and worth three thousand francs, that I won of a little Russian at billiards, That pelisse is at Strasbourg (where the infamous worms of the Mount of Piety are actually gnawing her). Two hundred francs and this *reconnaissance*, which Frédéric receive, are all that now represents the pelisse. How many chemises have I, Frédéric?"

"Eh, parbleu, Monsieur le Vicomte sait bien que nous avons toujours vingt-quatre chemises," says Frederic, grumbling.

Monsieur le Vicomte springs up shrieking from the dinner-table. "Twenty-four shirts," says he, "and I have been a week without a louis in my pocket! *Bélître! Nigaud!*" He flings open one drawer after another, but there are no signs of that superfluity of linen of

which the domestic spoke, whose countenance now changes from a grim frown to a grim smile.

"Ah, my faithful Frederic, I pardon thee! Mr. Newcome will understand my harmless *supercherie*. Frederic was in my company of the Guard, and remains with me since. He is Caleb Balderstone and I am Ravenswood. Yes, I am Edgard. Let us have coffee and a cigar, Balderstoun."

"Plait-il Monsieur le Vicomte?" says the French Caleb.

"Thou comprehendest not English. Thou readest not Valtare Scott, thou!" cries the master. "I was recounting to Monsieur Newcome thy history and my misfortunes. Go seek coffee for us, *Nigaud*." And as the two gentlemen partake of that exhilarating liquor, the elder confides gaily to his guest the reason why he prefers taking coffee at the Hotel to the coffee at the great Café of the Redoute, with a *duris urgēns in rēbūs ēgestāss!* pronounced in the true French manner.

Clive was greatly amused by the gaiety of the Viscount after his misfortunes and his Moscow; and thought that one of Mr. Baines's circular notes might not be ill laid out in succouring this hero. It may have been to this end that Florac's confessions tended; though to do him justice the incorrigible young fellow would confide his adventures to any one who would listen; and the exact state of his wardrobe, and the story of his pawned pelisse, dressing-case, rings and watches, were known to all Baden.

"You tell me to marry and range myself," said Clive, (to whom the Viscount was expatiating upon the charms of the *superbe* young *Anglaise* with whom he had seen Clive walking on the promenade). "Why do you not marry and range yourself too?"

"Eh, my dear! I am married already. You do not know it? I am married since the Revolution of July. Yes. We were poor in those days, as poor we remain. My cousins the Duc d'Ivry's sons and his grandson were still alive. Seeing no other resource and pursued by the Arabs, I espoused the Vicomtesse de Florac. I gave her my name, you comprehend, in exchange for her own odious one. She was Miss Higg. Do you know the family Higg of Manchesterre in the comté of Lancastre? She was then a person of a ripe age. The Vicomtesse is now—ah! it is fifteen years since, and she dies not. Our union was not happy, my friend—Madame Paul de Florac is of the reformed religion—not of the Anglican church, you understand—but a dissident I know not of what sort. We inhabited the Hotel de Florac for a while after our union, which was all of convenience, you understand. She filled her salon with ministers to make you die. She assaulted my poor father in his garden-chair, whence he could not escape her. She told my sainted mother that she was an idolatress—she who only idolatrises her children! She called us other poor catholics who follow the rites of our fathers, *des Romishes*; and Rome, Babylon; and the Holy Father—a scarlet—eh! a scarlet abomination. She outraged my mother, that angel; essayed to convert the antechamber and the office; put little books in the Abbé's bed-room. Eh, my friend!

what a good king was Charles IX. and his mother what a wise sovereign! I lament that Madame de Florac should have escaped the St. Barthélemi, when no doubt she was spared on account of her tender age. We have been separated for many years; her income was greatly exaggerated. Beyond the payment of my debts I owe her nothing. I wish I could say as much of all the rest of the world. Shall we take a turn of promenade? *Mauvais sujet*! I see you are longing to be at the green-table."

Clive was not longing to be at the green-table: but his companion was never easy at it or away from it. Next to winning, losing M. de Florac said was the best sport—next to losing, looking on. So he and Clive went down to the Redoute where Lord Kew was playing with a crowd of awe-struck amateurs and breathless punters admiring his valour and fortune; and Clive saying that he knew nothing about the game took out five Napoleons from his purse, and besought Florac to invest them in the most profitable manner at roulette. The other made some faint attempts at a scruple: but the money was speedily laid on the table, where it increased and multiplied amazingly too; so that in a quarter of an hour Florac brought quite a handful of gold pieces to his principal. Then Clive, I daresay blushing as he made the proposal, offered half the handful of napoleons to M. de Florac to be repaid when he thought fit. And fortune must have been very favourable to the husband of Miss Higg that night: for in the course of an hour he insisted on paying back Clive's loan; and two days afterwards appeared with his shirt-studs (of course with his shirts also), released from captivity, his watch, rings, and chains, on the parade; and was observed to wear his celebrated fur pelisse as he drove back in a britzska from Strasbourg. "As for myself," wrote Clive, "I put back into my purse the five Napoleons with which I had begun; and laid down the whole mass of winnings on the table, where it was doubled and then quadrupled, and then swept up by the croupiers, greatly to my ease of mind. And then Lord Kew asked me to supper and we had a merry night."

This was Mr. Clive's first and last appearance as a gambler. J. J. looked very grave when he heard of these transactions. Clive's French friend did not please his English companion at all, nor the friends of Clive's French friend, the Russians, the Spaniards, the Italians, of sounding titles and glittering decorations, and the ladies who belonged to their society. He saw by chance Ethel escorted by her cousin Lord Kew passing through a crowd of this company one day. There was not one woman there who was not the heroine of some discreditable story. It was the Comtesse Calypso who had been jilted by the Duc Ulysse. It was the Marquise Ariane to whom the Prince Thésée had behaved so shamefully, and who had taken to Bacchus as a consolation. It was Madame Médée, who had absolutely killed her old father by her conduct regarding Jason: she had done everything for Jason: she had got him the *toison d'or* from the Queen Mother, and now had to meet him every day with his little blonde bride

on his arm! J. J. compared Ethel, moving in the midst of these folks, to the Lady amidst the rout of Comus. There they were, the Fauns and Satyrs: there they were, the merry Pagans: drinking and dancing, dicing and sporting; laughing out jests that never should be spoken; whispering rendezvous to be written in midnight calendars; jeering at honest people who passed under their palace windows—jolly rebels and repealers of the law. Ah, if Mrs. Brown, whose children are gone to bed at the Hotel, knew but the history of that calm dignified-looking gentleman who sits under her, and over whose patient back she frantically advances and withdraws her two-franc piece, whilst his own columns of louis d'or are offering battle to fortune—how she would shrink away from the shoulder which she pushes! That man so calm and well-bred, with a string of orders on his breast, so well-dressed, with such white hands, has stabbed trusting hearts; severed family ties; written lying vows; signed false oaths; torn up pitilessly tender appeals for redress, and tossed away into the fire supplications blistered with tears; packed cards and cogged dice; or used pistol or sword as calmly and dexterously as he now ranges his battalions of gold pieces.

Ridley shrank away from such lawless people with the delicacy belonging to his timid and retiring nature, but it must be owned that Mr. Clive was by no means so squeamish. He did not know in the first place the mystery of their iniquities; and his sunny kindly spirit, undimmed by any of the cares which clouded it subsequently, was disposed to shine upon all people alike. The world was welcome to him: the day a pleasure: all nature a gay feast: scarce any dispositions discordant with his own (for pretension only made him laugh, and hypocrisy he will never be able to understand if he lives to be a hundred years old): the night brought him a long sleep, and the morning a glad waking. To those privileges of youth what enjoyments of age are comparable? what achievements of ambition? what rewards of money and fame? Clive's happy friendly nature shone out of his face; and almost all who beheld it felt kindly towards him. As those guileless virgins of romance and ballad, who walk smiling through dark forests charming off dragons and confronting lions; the young man as yet went through the world harmless; no giant waylaid him as yet; no robbing ogre fed on him: and (greatest danger of all for one of his ardent nature) no winning enchantress or artful syren coaxed him to her cave, or lured him into her waters—haunts into which we know so many young simpletons are drawn, where their silly bones are picked and their tender flesh devoured.

The time was short which Clive spent at Baden, for it has been said the winter was approaching, and the destination of our young artists was Rome; but he may have passed some score of days here, to which he and another person in that pretty watering place possibly looked back afterwards, as not the unhappiest periods of their lives. Among Colonel Newcome's papers to which the family biographer has had subsequent access, there are a couple of letters from Clive dated Baden at this time, and full of happiness gaiety, and affection. Letter No. 1 says,

"Ethel is the prettiest girl here. At the assemblies all the princes, counts, dukes, Parthians, Medes and Elamites, are dying to dance with her. She sends her dearest love to her uncle." By the side of the words "prettiest girl," was written in a frank female hand the monosyllable "*Stuff;*" and as a note to the expression "dearest love," with a star to mark the text and the note, are squeezed in the same feminine characters at the bottom of Clive's page, the words "*That I do. E. N.*"

In letter No. 2, the first two pages are closely written in Clive's hand-writing, describing his pursuits and studies, and giving amusing details of the life at Baden, and the company whom he met there—narrating his *rencontre* with their Paris friend, M. de Florac, and the arrival of the Duchesse d'Ivry, Florac's cousin, whose titles the Vicomte will probably inherit. Not a word about Florac's gambling propensities are mentioned in the letter; but Clive honestly confesses that he has staked five napoleons, doubled them, quadrupled them, won ever so much, lost it all back again, and come away from the table with his original five pounds in his pocket—proposing never to play any more. "Ethel," he concludes, "is looking over my shoulder. She thinks me such a delightful creature that she is never easy without me. She bids me to say that I am the best of sons and cousins, and am, in a word, a darling du . . ." The rest of this important word is not given, but *goose* is added in the female hand. In the faded ink, on the yellow paper that may have crossed and recrossed oceans, that has lain locked in chests for years, and buried under piles of family archives, while your friends have been dying and your head has grown white—who has not disinterred mementoes like these—from which the past smiles at you so sadly, shimmering out of Hades an instant but to sink back again into the cold shades, perhaps with a faint, faint sound as of a remembered tone—a ghostly echo of a once familiar laughter? I was looking of late at a wall in the Naples' museum, whereon a boy of Herculaneum eighteen hundred years ago had scratched with a nail the figure of a soldier. I could fancy the child turning round and smiling on me after having done his etching. Which of us that is thirty years old has not had his Pompeii? Deep under ashes lies the Life of Youth,—the careless Sport, the Pleasure and Passion, the darling Joy. You open an old letter-box and look at your own childish scrawls, or your mother's letters to you when you were at school; and excavate your heart. O me for the day when the whole city shall be bare and the chambers unroofed—and every cranny visible to the Light above, from the Forum to the Lupanar!

Ethel takes up the pen. "My dear uncle," she says, "while Clive is sketching out of window, let me write you a line or two on his paper, though *I know you like to hear no one speak* but him. I wish I could draw him for you as he stands yonder, looking the picture of good health, good spirits, and good-humour. Every body likes him. He is quite unaffected; always gay; always pleased. He draws more and more beautifully every day; and his affection for young Mr. Ridley, who is really a most excellent and astonishing

young man, and actually a better artist than Clive himself, is most romantic, and does your son the greatest credit. You will order Clive not to sell his pictures, won't you? I know it is not wrong, but your son might look higher than to be an artist. It is a rise for Mr. Ridley, but a fall for him. An artist, an organist, a pianist, all these are very good people, but you know not *de notre monde*, and Clive ought to belong to it.

"We met him at Bonn on our way to a great family gathering here; where, I must tell you, we are assembled for what I call the Congress of Baden! The chief of the house of Kew is here, and what time he does not devote to skittles, to smoking cigars, to the *jeu* in the evenings, to Madame d'Ivry, to Madame de Cruchecassée, and the foreign people (of whom there are a host here of the worst kind, as usual), he graciously bestows on me. Lord and Lady Dorking are here, with their meek little daughter, Clara Pulleyn; and Barnes is coming. Uncle Hobson has returned to Lombard-street to relieve guard. I think you will hear before very long of Lady Clara Newcome. Grandmamma, who was to have presided at the Congress of Baden, and still you know reigns over the house of Kew, has been stopped at Kissingen with an attack of rheumatism; I pity poor aunt Julia who can never leave her. Here are all our news. I declare I have filled the whole page; men write closer than we do. I wear the dear brooch you gave me, often and often; I think of you always, dear, kind uncle as your affectionate Ethel."

Besides roulette and trente et quarante, a number of amusing games are played at Baden, which are not performed, so to speak, *sur table*. These little diversions and *jeux de société* can go on anywhere; in an alley in the park; in a picnic to this old schloss, or that pretty hunting lodge; at a tea-table in a lodging house or hotel; in a ball at the Redoute; in the play rooms, behind the backs of the gamblers whose eyes are only cast upon rakes and rouleaux, and red and black; or on the broad walk in front of the Conversation Rooms, where thousands of people are drinking and chattering, lounging and smoking, whilst the Austrian brass band, in the little music pavilion, plays the most delightful mazurkas and waltzes. Here the widow plays her black suit, and sets her bright eyes against the rich bachelor, elderly or young as may be. Here the artful practitioner, who has dealt in a thousand such games, engages the young simpleton with more money than wit; and knowing his weakness and her skill, we may safely take the odds, and back rouge et couleur to win. Here mamma, not having money perhaps, but metal more attractive, stakes her virgin daughter against Count Fettacker's forests and meadows; or Lord Lackland plays his coronet, of which the jewels have long since been in pawn, against Miss Bags' three per cents. And so two or three funny little games were going on at Baden amongst our immediate acquaintance; besides that vulgar sport round the green-table, at which the mob, with whom we have little to do, was elbowing each other. A hint of

these domestic prolusions has been given to the reader in the foregoing extract from Miss Ethel Newcome's letter: likewise some passions have been in play, of which a modest young English maiden could not be aware. Do not, however, let us be too prematurely proud of our virtue. That tariff of British virtue is wonderfully organised. Heaven help the society which made its laws! Gnats are shut out of its ports, or not admitted without scrutiny and repugnance, whilst herds of camels are let in. The law professes to exclude some goods, (or bads shall we call them?)—well, some articles of baggage, which are yet smuggled openly under the eyes of winking officers, and worn every day without shame. Shame! What is shame? Virtue is very often shameful according to the English social constitution, and shame honorable. Truth, if yours happens to differ from your neighbour's, provokes your friend's coldness, your mother's tears, the world's persecution. Love is not to be dealt in, save under restrictions which kill its sweet healthy free commerce. Sin in man is so light, that scarce the fine of a penny is imposed; while for woman it is so heavy, that no repentance can wash it out. Ah! yes; all stories are old. You proud matrons in your May-fair markets, have you never seen a virgin sold, or sold one? Have you never heard of a poor wayfarer fallen among robbers, and not a Pharisee to help him? of a poor woman fallen more sadly yet, abject in repentance and tears, and a crowd to stone her? I pace this broad Baden walk as the sunset is gilding the hills round about, as the orchestra blows its merry tunes, as the happy children laugh and sport in the alleys, as the lamps of the gambling palace are lighted up, as the throngs of pleasure-hunters stroll, and smoke, and flirt, and hum: and wonder sometimes, is it the sinners who are the most sinful? Is it poor Prodigal yonder amongst the bad company, calling black and red and tossing the champagne; or brother Straightlace that grudges his repentance? Is it downcast Hagar that slinks away with poor little Ishmael in her hand; or bitter old virtuous Sarah, who scowls at her from my demure Lord Abraham's arm?

One day of the previous May, when of course everybody went to visit the Water-colour Exhibitions, Ethel Newcome was taken to see the pictures by her grandmother, that rigorous old Lady Kew, who still proposed to reign over all her family. The girl had high spirit, and very likely hot words had passed between the elder and the younger lady; such as I am given to understand will be uttered in the most polite families. They came to a piece by Mr. Hunt, representing one of those figures which he knows how to paint with such consummate truth and pathos—a friendless young girl, cowering in a door-way, evidently without home or shelter. The exquisite fidelity of the details, and the plaintive beauty of the expression of the child, attracted old Lady Kew's admiration, who was an excellent judge of works of art; and she stood for some time looking at the drawing, with Ethel by her side. Nothing, in truth, could be more simple or pathetic; Ethel laughed, and her grandmother looking up from her stick on which she hobbled about, saw a very sarcastic expression in the girl's eyes.

"You have no taste for pictures, only for painters, I suppose," said Lady Kew.

"I was not looking at the picture," said Ethel, still with a smile, "but at the little green ticket in the corner."

"Sold," said Lady Kew. "Of course it is sold; all Mr. Hunt's pictures are sold. There is not one of them here on which you won't see the green ticket. He is a most admirable artist. I don't know whether his comedy or tragedy are the most excellent."

"I think, grandmamma," Ethel said, "we young ladies in the world, when we are exhibiting, ought to have little green tickets pinned on our backs, with 'Sold' written on them; it would prevent trouble and any future haggling, you know. Then at the end of the season the owner would come to carry us home."

Grandmamma only said, "Ethel, you are a fool," and hobbled on to Mr. Cattermole's picture hard by. "What splendid colour; what a romantic gloom; what a flowing pencil and dexterous hand!" Lady Kew could delight in pictures, applaud good poetry, and squeeze out a tear over a good novel too. That afternoon, young Dawkins, the rising water-colour artist, who used to come daily to the gallery and stand delighted before his own piece, was aghast to perceive that there was no green ticket in the corner of his frame, and he pointed out the deficiency to the keeper of the pictures. His landscape, however, was sold and paid for, so no great mischief occurred. On that same evening, when the Newcome family assembled at dinner in Park Lane, Ethel appeared with a bright green ticket pinned in the front of her white muslin frock, and when asked what this queer fancy meant, she made Lady Kew a curtsey, looking her full in the face, and turning round to her father, said, "I am a *tableau-vivant*, papa. I am mumber 46 in the Exhibition of the Gallery of Painters in Water-colours."

"My love, what do you mean?" says mamma; and Lady Kew, jumping up on her crooked stick with immense agility, tore the card out of Ethel's bosom, and very likely would have boxed her ears, but that her parents were present and Lord Kew was announced.

Ethel talked about pictures the whole evening, and would talk of nothing else. Grandmamma went away furious. "She told Barnes, and when everybody was gone there was a pretty row in the building," said Madam Ethel, with an arch look, when she narrated the story. "Barnes was ready to kill me and eat me; but I never was afraid of Barnes." And the biographer gathers from this little anecdote narrated to him, never mind by whom, at a long subsequent period, that there had been great disputes in Sir Brian Newcome's establishment, fierce drawing-room battles, whereof certain pictures of a certain painter might have furnished the cause, and in which Miss Newcome had the whole of the family forces against her. That such battles take place in other domestic establishments, who shall say or shall not say? Who, when he goes out to dinner, and is received by a bland host with a gay shake of the hand, and a pretty hostess with a gracious

smile of welcome, dares to think that Mr. Johnson up-stairs, half-an-hour before, was swearing out of his dressing-room at Mrs. Johnson, for having ordered a turbot instead of a salmon, or that Mrs. Johnson, now talking to Lady Jones so nicely about their mutual darling children, was crying her eyes out as her maid was fastening her gown, as the carriages were actually driving up? The servants know these things, but not we in the dining-room. Hark with what a respectful tone Johnson begs the clergyman present to say grace!

Whatever these family quarrels may have been, let bygones be bygones, and let us be perfectly sure, that to whatever purpose Miss Ethel Newcome, for good or for evil, might make her mind up, she had quite spirit enough to hold her own. She chose to be Countess of Kew because she chose to be Countess of Kew; had she set her heart on marrying Mr. Kuhn, she would have had her way, and made the family adopt it, and called him dear Fritz, as by his god-fathers and godmothers, in his baptism, Mr. Kuhn was called. Clive was but a fancy, if he had even been so much as that, not a passion, and she fancied a pretty four-pronged coronet still more.

So that the diatribe wherein we lately indulged, about the selling of virgins, by no mean applies to Lady Ann Newcome, who signed the address to Mrs. Stowe, the other day, along with thousands more virtuous British matrons; but should the reader haply say, "Is thy fable, O Poet, narrated concerning Tancred Pulleyn, Earl of Dorking, and Sigismunda, his wife," the reluctant moralist is obliged to own that the cap *does* fit those noble personages of whose lofty society you will however see but little.

For though I would like to go into an Indian Brahmin's house and see the punkahs and the purdahs and tattys, and the pretty brown maidens with great eyes, and great nose-rings, and painted foreheads, and slim waists cased in Cashmir shawls, Kincob scarfs, curly slippers, gilt trowsers, precious anklets and bangles; and have the mystery of Eastern existence revealed to me, (as who would not who has read the Arabian Nights in his youth?) yet I would not choose the moment when the Brahmin of the house was dead, his women howling, his priests doctoring his child of a widow, now frightening her with sermons, now drugging her with bang, so as to push her on his funeral pile at last, and into the arms of that carcase, stupefied, but obedient and decorous. And though I like to walk, even in fancy, in an earl's house, splendid, well-ordered, where there are feasts and fine pictures and fair ladies and endless books and good company; yet there are times when the visit is not pleasant; and when the parents in that fine house are getting ready their daughter for sale, and frightening away her tears with threats, and stupefying her grief with narcotics, praying her and imploring her, and dramming her and coaxing her, and blessing her, and cursing her perhaps, till they have brought her into such a state as shall fit the poor young thing for that deadly couch upon which they are about to thrust her. When my lord and lady are so engaged I prefer not to call

at their mansion, number 1000 in Grosvenor Square, but to partake of a dinner of herbs rather than of that stalled ox which their cook is roasting whole. There are some people who are not so squeamish. The family comes of course; the most reverend the Lord Arch-Brahmin of Benares will attend the ceremony; there will be flowers and lights and white favours; and quite a string of carriages up to the pagoda; and such a breakfast afterwards; and music in the street and little parish boys hurrahing; and no end of speeches within and tears shed (no doubt), and his grace the Arch-Brahmin will make a highly appropriate speech, just with a faint scent of incense about it as such a speech ought to have, and the young person will slip away unperceived, and take off her veils, wreaths, orange flowers, bangles and finery, and will put on a plain dress more suited for the occasion, and the house-door will open—and there comes the SUTTEE in company of the body: yonder the pile is waiting on four wheels with four horses, the crowd hurrahs and the deed is done.

This ceremony amongst us is so stale and common that to be sure there is no need to describe its rites, and as women sell themselves for what you call an establishment every day to the applause of themselves, their parents, and the world, why on earth should a man ape at originality and pretend to pity them? Never mind about the lies at the altar, the blasphemy against the godlike name of love, the sordid surrender, the smiling dishonour. What the deuce does a *mariage de convenance* mean but all this, and are not such sober Hymeneal torches more satisfactory often than the most brilliant love matches that ever flamed and burnt out? Of course. Let us not weep when everybody else is laughing: let us pity the agonised duchess when her daughter, Lady Atalanta, runs away with the doctor—of course, that's respectable; let us pity Lady Iphigenia's father when that venerable chief is obliged to offer up his darling child; but it is over *her* part of the business that a decorous painter would throw the veil now. Her ladyship's sacrifice is performed, and the less said about it the better.

Such was the case regarding an affair which appeared in due subsequence in the newspapers not long afterwards under the fascinating title of "Marriage in High Life," and which was in truth the occasion of the little family Congress of Baden which we are now chronicling. We all know, everybody at least who has the slightest acquaintance with the army list; that, at the commencement of their life, my Lord Kew, my Lord Viscount Rooster, the Earl of Dorking's eldest son, and the Honourable Charles Belsize, familiarly called Jack Belsize, were subaltern officers in one of his Majesty's regiments of cuirassier guards. They heard the chimes at midnight like other young men, they enjoyed their fun and frolics as gentlemen of spirit will do; sowing their wild oats plentifully, and scattering them with boyish profusion. Lord Kew's luck had blessed him with more sacks of oats than fell to the lot of his noble young companions. Lord Dorking's house is known to

have been long impoverished; an excellent informant, Major Pendennis, has entertained me with many edifying accounts of the exploits of Lord Rooster's grandfather "with the wild Prince and Poyns," of his feats in the hunting field, over the bottle, over the dice-box. He played two nights and two days at a sitting with Charles Fox, when they both lost sums awful to reckon. He played often with Lord Steyne, and came away, as all men did, dreadful sufferers from those midnight encounters. His descendants incurred the penalties of the progenitor's imprudence, and Chanticlere, though one of the finest castles in England, is splendid but for a month in the year. The estate is mortgaged up to the very castle windows. "Dorking cannot cut a stick or kill a buck in his own park:" the good old Major used to tell with tragic accents: "he lives by his cabbages, grapes, and pine-apples, and the fees which people give for seeing the place and gardens, which are still the show of the county, and among the most splendid in the island. When Dorking is at Chanticlere, Ballard, who married his sister, lends him the plate and sends three men with it. Four cooks inside, and four maids and six footmen on the roof, with a butler driving, come down from London in a trap, and wait the month. And as the last carriage of the company drives away, the servants' coach is packed, and they all bowl back to town again. It's pitiable, sir, pitiable."

In Lord Kew's youth, the names of himself and his two noble friends appeared on innumerable slips of stamped paper, conveying pecuniary assurances of a promissory nature; all of which promises, my Lord Kew singly and most honorably discharged. Neither of his two companions in arms had the means of meeting these engagements. Ballard, Rooster's uncle, was said to make his lordship some allowance. As for Jack Belsize; how he lived; how he laughed; how he dressed himself so well, and looked so fat and handsome; how he got a shilling to pay for a cab or a cigar; what ravens fed him; was a wonder to all. The young men claimed kinsmanship with one another, which those who are learned in the peerage may unravel.

When Lord Dorking's eldest daughter married the Honorable and Venerable Dennis Gallowglass, Archdeacon of Bullintubber, (and at present Viscount Gallowglass and Killbrogue, and Lord Bishop of Ballyshannon), great festivities took place at Chanticlere, whither the relatives of the high contracting parties were invited. Among them came poor Jack Belsize, and hence the tears which are dropping at Baden at this present period of our history. Clara Pulleyn was then a pretty little maiden of sixteen, and Jack a handsome guardsman of six or seven and twenty. As she had been especially warned against Jack as a wicked young rogue, whose *antécédents* were wofully against him; as she was never allowed to sit near him at dinner, or to walk with him, or to play at billiards with him, or to waltz with him; as she was scolded if he spoke a word to her, or if he picked up her glove, or touched her hand in a round game, or caught him when they were playing at blindman's-buff; as they neither

of them had a penny in the world, and were both very good-looking, of course Clara was always catching Jack at blindman's-buff; constantly lighting upon him in the shrubberies or corridors, &c., &c. &c. She fell in love (she was not the first) with Jack's broad chest and thin waist; she thought his whiskers, as indeed they were, the handsomest pair in all his majesty's Brigade of Cuirassiers.

We know not what tears were shed in the vast and silent halls of Chanticlere, when the company were gone, and the four cooks, and four maids, six footmen, and temporary butler had driven back in their private trap to the metropolis, which is not forty miles distant from that splendid castle. How can we tell? The guests departed, the lodge gates shut; all is mystery:—darkness with one pair of wax candles blinking dismally in a solitary chamber; all the rest dreary vistas of brown hollands, rolled Turkey carpets, gaunt ancestors on the walls, scowling out of the twilight blank. The imagination is at liberty to depict his lordship, with one candle, over his dreadful endless tapes and papers; her ladyship with the other, and an old, old novel, wherein, perhaps, Mrs. Radcliffe describes a castle as dreary as her own; and poor little Clara sighing and crying in the midst of these funereal splendours, as lonely and heart-sick as Oriana in her moated grange:—poor little Clara!

Lord Kew's drag took the young men to London; his lordship driving, and the servants sitting inside. Jack sat behind with the two grooms, and tooted on a cornet-à-piston in the most melancholy manner. He partook of no refreshment on the road. His silence at his clubs was remarked: smoking, billiards, military duties, and this and that, roused him a little, and presently Jack was alive again. But then came the season, Lady Clara Pulleyn's first season in London, and Jack was more alive than ever. There was no ball he did not go to; no opera (that is to say, no opera of *certain* operas) which he did not frequent. It was easy to see by his face, two minutes after entering a room, whether the person he sought was there or absent; not difficult for those who were in the secret, to watch in another pair of eyes the bright kindling signals which answered Jack's fiery glances. Ah! how beautiful he looked on his charger on the birthday, all in a blaze of scarlet, and bullion, and steel. O Jack! tear her out of yon carriage, from the side of yonder livid, feathered, painted, boney dowager! place her behind you on the black charger; cut down the policeman, and away with you! The carriage rolls in through St. James's Park; Jack sits alone with his sword dropped to the ground, or only *atra cura* on the crupper behind him; and Snip, the tailor, in the crowd thinks it is for fear of him Jack's head droops. Lady Clara Pulleyn is presented by her mother, the Countess of Dorking; and Jack is arrested that night as he is going out of White's to meet her at the Opera.

Jack's little exploits are known in the Insolvent Court, where he made his appearances as Charles Belsize, commonly called the Honorable Charles Belsize, whose dealings were smartly chronicled

by the indignant moralists of the press of those days. The "Scourge" flogged him heartily. The "Whip," (of which the accomplished editor was himself in Whitecross-street prison,) was especially virtuous regarding him; and the "Penny Voice of Freedom" gave him an awful dressing. I am not here to scourge sinners; I am true to my party; it is the other side this humble pen attacks; let us keep to the virtuous and respectable, for as for poor sinners they get the whipping-post every day. One person was faithful to poor Jack through all his blunders and follies and extravagance and misfortunes, and that was the pretty young girl of Chanticlere, round whose young affections his luxuriant whiskers had curled. And the world may cry out at Lord Kew for sending his brougham to the Queen's Bench prison, and giving a great feast at Grignon's to Jack on the day of his liberation, but I for one will not quarrel with his lordship. He and many other sinners had a jolly night. They said Kew made a fine speech, in hearing and acknowledging which Jack Belsize wept copiously. Barnes Newcome was in a rage at Jack's manumission, and sincerely hoped Mr. Commissioner would give him a couple of years longer; and cursed and swore with a great liberality on hearing of his liberty.

That this poor prodigal should marry Clara Pulleyn, and by way of a dowry lay his schedule at her feet, was out of the question. His noble father, Lord Highgate, was furious against him; his eldest brother would not see him; he had given up all hopes of winning his darling prize long ago, and one day there came to him a great packet bearing the seal of Chanticlere, containing a wretched little letter signed C. P., and a dozen sheets of Jack's own clumsy writing delivered who knows how, in what crush rooms, quadrilles, bouquets, balls, and in which were scrawled Jack's love and passion and ardour. How many a time had he looked into the dictionary at White's, to see whether eternal was spelt with an e, and adore with one a or two! There they were, the incoherent utterances of his brave longing heart; and those two wretched, wretched lines signed C., begging that C.'s little letters might too be returned or destroyed. To do him justice he burnt them loyally every one along with his own waste paper. He kept not one single little token which she had given him, or let him take. The rose, the glove, the little handkerchief which she had dropped to him, how he cried over them! The ringlet of golden hair—he burnt them all, all in his own fire in the prison, save a little, little bit of the hair, which might be any one's, which was the colour of his sister's. Kew saw the deed done; perhaps he hurried away when Jack came to the very last part of the sacrifice, and flung the hair into the fire, where he would have liked to fling his heart and his life too.

So Clara was free, and the year when Jack came out of prison and went abroad, she passed the season in London dancing about night after night, and everybody said she was well out of that silly affair with Jack Belsize. It was then that Barnes Newcome, Esq., a partner of the wealthy banking firm of Hobson Brothers and Newcomes, son

and heir of Sir Brian Newcome, of Newcome, Bart., and M. P., descended in right line from Bryan de Newcomyn, slain at Hastings, and barber-surgeon to Edward the Confessor, &c., &c., cast the eyes of regard on the Lady Clara Pulleyn, who was a little pale and languid certainly, but had blue eyes, a delicate skin, and a pretty person, and knowing her previous history as well as you who have just perused it, deigned to entertain matrimonial intentions towards her ladyship.

Not one of the members of these most respectable families, excepting poor little Clara perhaps, poor little fish (as if she had any call but to do her duty, or to ask *à quelle sauce elle serait mangée*), protested against this little affair of traffic; Lady Dorking had a brood of little chickens to succeed Clara. There was little Hennie, who was sixteen, and Biddy, who was fourteen, and Adelaide, and who knows how many more. How could she refuse a young man, not very agreeable it is true, nor particularly amiable, nor of good birth, at least on his father's side, but otherwise eligible, and heir to so many thousands a-year? The Newcomes, on their side, think it a desirable match. Barnes, it must be confessed, is growing rather selfish, and has some bachelor ways which a wife will reform. Lady Kew is strongly for the match. With her own family interest, Lord Steyne and Lord Kew, her nephews, and Barnes's own father-in-law, Lord Dorking, in the Peers; why shall not the Newcomes sit there too, and resume the old seat which all the world knows they had in the time of Richard III.? Barnes and his father had got up quite a belief about a Newcome killed at Bosworth, along with King Richard, and hated Henry VII. as an enemy of their noble race. So all the parties were pretty well agreed. Lady Ann wrote rather a pretty little poem about welcoming the white Fawn to the Newcome bowers, and "Clara" was made to rhyme with "fairer," and "timid does and antlered deer to dot the glades of Chanticlere," quite in a picturesque way. Lady Kew pronounced that the poem was very pretty indeed.

The year after Jack Belsize made his foreign tour he returned to London for the season. Lady Clara did not happen to be there; her health was a little delicate, and her kind parents took her abroad; so all things went on very smoothly and comfortably indeed.

Yes, but when things were so quiet and comfortable, when the ladies of the two families had met at the Congress of Baden, and liked each other so much, when Barnes and his papa the Baronet, recovered from his illness, were actually on their journey from Aix-la-Chapelle, and Lady Kew in motion from Kissingen to the Congress of Baden, why on earth should Jack Belsize, haggard, wild, having been winning great sums, it was said, at Hombourg—forsake his luck there, and run over frantically to Baden? He wore a great thick beard, a great slouched hat—he looked like nothing more or less than a painter or an Italian brigand. Unsuspecting Clive, remembering the jolly dinner which Jack had procured for him at the Guards' mess in St. James's, whither Jack himself came from the Horse Guards—simple Clive, seeing Jack enter the

town, hailed him cordially, and invited him to dinner, and Jack accepted, and Clive told him all the news he had of the place, how Kew was there, and Lady Ann Newcome, and Ethel; and Barnes was coming. "I am not very fond of him either," says Clive, smiling, when Belsize mentioned his name. So Barnes was coming to marry that pretty little Lady Clara Pulleyn. The knowing youth! I dare say he was rather pleased with his knowledge of the fashionable world, and the idea that Jack Belsize would think he, too, was somebody.

Jack drank an immense quantity of champagne, and the dinner over, as they could hear the band playing from Clive's open windows in the snug clean little Hotel de France, Jack proposed they should go on the promenade. M. de Florac was of the party; he had been exceedingly jocular when Lord Kew's name was mentioned, and said, "Ce petit Kiou! M. le Duc d'Ivry, mon oncle, l'honore d'une amitié toute particulière." These three gentlemen walked out; the promenade was crowded, the band was playing "Home, sweet Home," very sweetly, and the very first persons they met on the walk were the Lords of Kew and Dorking, on the arm of which latter venerable peer his daughter Lady Clara was hanging.

Jack Belsize, in a velvet coat, with a sombrero slouched over his face, with a beard reaching to his waist, was, no doubt, not recognised at first by the noble Lord of Dorking, for he was greeting the other two gentlemen with his usual politeness and affability; when, of a sudden, Lady Clara looking up, gave a little shriek and fell down lifeless on the gravel-walk. Then the old earl recognised Mr. Belsize, and Clive heard him say, "You villain, how dare you come here?"

Belsize had flung himself down to lift up Clara, calling her frantically by her name, when old Dorking sprang to seize him.

"Hands off, my lord," said the other, shaking the old man from his back. "Confound you, Jack, hold your tongue," roars out Kew. Clive runs for a chair, and a dozen were forthcoming. Florac skips back with a glass of water. Belsize runs towards the awakening girl: and the father, for an instant, losing all patience and self-command, trembling in every limb, lifts his stick, and says again, "Leave her, you ruffian." "Lady Clara has fainted again, sir," says Captain Belsize. "I am staying at the Hotel de France. If you touch me, old man," (this in a very low voice), "by Heaven I shall kill you. I wish you good morning;" and taking a last long look at the lifeless girl, he lifts his hat and walks away. Lord Dorking mechanically takes his hat off, and stands stupidly gazing after him. He beckoned Clive to follow him, and a crowd of the frequenters of the place are by this time closed round the fainting young lady.

Here was a pretty incident in the Congress of Baden!

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN WHICH BARNES COMES A WOOING.

ETHEL had all along known that her holiday was to be a short one, and that, her papa and Barnes arrived, there was to be no more laughing and fun and sketching and walking with Clive; so she took the sunshine while it lasted, determined to bear with a stout heart the bad weather.

Sir Brian Newcome and his eldest born arrived at Baden on the very night of Jack Belsize's performance upon the promenade; of course it was necessary to inform the young bridegroom of the facts. His acquaintances of the public, who by this time know his temper, and are acquainted with his language, can imagine the explosions of the one and the vehemence of the other; it was a perfect *feu d'artifice* of oaths which he sent up. Mr. Newcome only fired off these volleys of curses when he was in a passion, but then he was in a passion very frequently.

As for Lady Clara's little accident, he was disposed to treat that very lightly. "Poor dear Clara of course, of course," he said, "she's been accustomed to fainting fits; no wonder she was agitated on the sight of that villain, after his infernal treatment of her. If I had been there" (a volley of oaths comes here along the whole line) "I should have strangled the scoundrel; I should have murdered him."

"Mercy, Barnes," cries Lady Ann.

"It was a mercy Barnes was not there," says Ethel gravely; "a fight between him and Captain Belsize would have been awful indeed."

"I am afraid of no man, Ethel," says Barnes fiercely with another oath.

"Hit one of your own size, Barnes," says Miss Ethel, (who had a number of school-phrases from her little brothers, and used them on occasions skilfully). "Hit Captain Belsize, he has got no friends."

As Jack Belsize from his height and strength was fitted to be not only an officer but actually a private in his former gallant regiment, and

brother Barnes was but a puny young gentleman, the idea of a personal conflict between them was rather ridiculous. Some notion of this sort may have passed through Sir Brian's mind, for the baronet said with his usual solemnity, "It is the cause, Ethel, it is the cause, my dear, which gives strength; in such a cause as Barnes's, with a beautiful young creature to protect from a villain, any man would be strong, any man would be strong." "Since his last attack," Barnes used to say, "my poor old governor is exceedingly shaky, very groggy about the head;" which was the fact. Barnes was already master at Newcome and the bank, and awaiting with perfect composure the event which was to place the blood-red hand of the Newcome baronetcy on his own brougham.

Casting his eyes about the room, a heap of drawings, the work of a well-known hand which he hated, met his eye. There were a half-dozen sketches of Baden. Ethel on horseback again. The children and the dogs just in the old way. "D— him, is he here?" screams out Barnes. "Is that young pot-house villain here? and hasn't Kew knocked his head off? Clive Newcome is here, sir," he cries out to his father. "The Colonel's son. I have no doubt they met by——"

"By what, Barnes?" says Ethel.

"Clive is here, is he?" says the Baronet; "making caricatures, hey? You did not mention him in your letters, Lady Ann."

Sir Brian was evidently very much touched by his last attack.

Ethel blushed; it was a curious fact, but there had been no mention of Clive in the ladies' letters to Sir Brian.

"My dear, we met him by the merest chance, at Bonn, travelling with a friend of his; and he speaks a little German, and was very useful to us, and took one of the boys in his britzska the whole way."

"Boys always crowd in a carriage," says Sir Brian. "Kick your shins; always in the way. I remember, when we used to come in the carriage from Clapham, when we were boys, I used to kick my brother Tom's shins. Poor Tom, he was a devilish wild fellow in those days. You don't recollect Tom, my Lady Ann?"

Farther anecdotes from Sir Brian are interrupted by Lord Kew's arrival. "How dydo, Kew," cries Barnes. "How's Clara?" and Lord Kew walking up with great respect to shake hands with Sir Brian, says, "I am glad to see you looking so well, sir," and scarcely takes any notice of Barnes. That Mr. Barnes Newcome was an individual not universally beloved, is a point of history of which there can be no doubt.

"You have not told me how Clara is, my good fellow," continues Barnes. "I have heard all about her meeting with that villain, Jack Belsize."

"Don't call names, my good fellow," says Lord Kew. "It strikes me you don't know Belsize well enough to call him by nicknames or by other names. Lady Clara Pulleyn, I believe, is very unwell indeed."

"Confound the fellow! How dared he to come here?" cries Barnes, backing from this little rebuff,

"Dare is another ugly word. I would advise you not to use it to the fellow himself."

"What do you mean?" says Barnes, looking very serious in an instant.

"Easy, my good friend. Not so very loud. It appears, Ethel, that poor Jack—*I* know him pretty well, you see, Barnes, and may call him by what names I like—had been dining to-day with cousin Clive; he and M. de Florac; and that they went with Jack to the promenade, not in the least aware of Mr. Jack Belsize's private affairs, or of the shindy that was going to happen."

"By Jove, he shall answer for it," cries out Barnes in a loud voice.

"I daresay he will, if you ask him," says the other drily; "but not before ladies. He'd be afraid of frightening them. Poor Jack was always as gentle as a lamb before women. I had some talk with the Frenchman just now," continued Lord Kew gaily, as if wishing to pass over this side of the subject. "'Mi Lord Kiou,' says he, 'we have made your friend Jac to hear reason. He is a little *fou*, your friend Jack. He drank champagne at dinner like an ogre. How is the *charmante* Miss Clara?' Florac, you see, calls her Miss Clara, Barnes; the world calls her Lady Clara. You call her Clara. You happy dog, you."

"I don't see why that infernal young cub of a Clive is always meddling in our affairs," cries out Barnes, whose rage was perpetually being whipped into new outcries. "Why has he been about this house? Why is he here?

"It is very well for you that he was, Barnes," Lord Kew said. "The young fellow showed great temper and spirit. There has been a famous row, but don't be alarmed, it is all over. It is all over, everybody may go to bed and sleep comfortably. Barnes need not get up in the morning to punch Jack Belsize's head. I'm sorry for your disappointment, you Fenchurch-street fire-eater. Come away. It will be but proper, you know, for a bridegroom elect to go and ask news of *la charmante* Miss Clara.

"As we went out of the house," Lord Kew told Clive, "I said to Barnes, that every word I had uttered upstairs with regard to the reconciliation was a lie. That Jack Belsize was determined to have his blood, and was walking under the lime-trees by which we had to pass with a thundering big stick. You should have seen the state the fellow was in, sir. The sweet youth started back, and turned as yellow as a cream cheese. Then he made a pretext to go into his room, and said it was for his pocket handkerchief, but I know it was for a pistol; for he dropped his hand from my arm into his pocket, every time I said 'Here's Jack,' as we walked down the avenue to Lord Dorking's apartment."

A great deal of animated business had been transacted during the

two hours subsequent to poor Lady Clara's mishap. Clive and Belsize had returned to the former's quarters, while gentle J. J. was utilising the last rays of the sun to tint a sketch which he had made during the morning. He fled to his own apartment on the arrival of the fierce-looking stranger, whose glaring eyes, pallid looks, shaggy beard, clutched hands and incessant gasps and mutterings as he strode up and down, might well scare a peaceable person. Very terrible must Jack have looked as he trampled those boards in the growing twilight, anon stopping to drink another tumbler of champagne, then groaning expressions of inarticulate wrath, and again sinking down on Clive's bed with a drooping head and breaking voice, crying, "Poor little thing, poor little devil."

"If the old man sends me a message, you will stand by me, won't you, Newcome? He was a fierce old fellow in his time, and I have seen him shoot straight enough at Chanticlere. I suppose you know what the affair is about?"

"I never heard of it before, but I think I understand," says Clive, gravely.

"I can't ask Kew, he is one of the family; he is going to marry Miss Newcome. It is no use asking him."

All Clive's blood tingled at the idea that any man was going to marry Miss Newcome. He knew it before—a fortnight since, and it was nothing to him to hear it. He was glad that the growing darkness prevented his face from being seen. "I am of the family, too," said Clive, "and Barnes Newcome and I had the same grandfather."

"Oh, yes, old boy — old banker, the weaver, what was he? I forgot," says poor Jack, kicking on Clive's bed, "in that family the Newcomes don't count. I beg your pardon," groans poor Jack.

They lapse into silence, during which Jack's cigar glimmers from the twilight corner where Clive's bed is; whilst Clive wafts his fragrance out of the window where he sits, and whence he has a view of Lady Ann Newcome's windows to the right, over the bridge across the little rushing river, at the Hotel de Hollande hard by. The lights twinkle in the booths under the pretty lime avenues. The hum of distant voices is heard; the gambling palace is all in a blaze; it is an assembly night, and from the doors of the conversation-rooms, as they open and close, escape gusts of harmony. Behind on the little hill the darkling woods lie calm, the edges of the fir-trees cut sharp against the sky, which is clear with a crescent moon and the lambent lights of the starry hosts of heaven. Clive does not see pine-robed hills and shining stars, nor think of pleasure in its palace yonder, nor of pain writhing on his own bed within a few feet of him, where poor Belsize was groaning. His eyes are fixed upon a window whence comes the red light of a lamp, across which shadows float now and again. So every light in every booth yonder has a scheme of its own: every star above shines by itself; and each individual heart of ours goes on brightening with its own hopes, burning with its own desires, and quivering with its own pain.

The reverie is interrupted by the waiter, who announces M. le Vicomte de Florac, and a third cigar is added to the other two smoky lights. Belsize is glad to see Florac, whom he has known in a thousand haunts. He will do my business for me. He has been out half-a-dozen times, thinks Jack. It would relieve the poor fellow's boiling blood that some one would let a little out. He lays his affair before Florac, he expects a message from Lord Dorking.

"Comment donc?" cries Florac; "il y avait donc quelque chose! Cette pauvre petite Miss! Vous voulez tuer le père, après avoir délaissé la fille? Cherchez d'autres témoins, Monsieur. Le Vicomte de Florac ne se fait pas complice de telles lâchetés."

"By Heaven," says Jack, sitting up on the bed, with his eyes glaring, "I have a great mind, Florac, to wring your infernal little neck, and to fling you out of the window. Is all the world going to turn against me? I am half mad as it is. If any man dares to think anything wrong regarding that little angel, or to fancy that she is not as pure, and as good, and as gentle, and as innocent, by Heaven, as any angel there,—if any man thinks I'd be the villain to hurt her, I should just like to see him," says Jack. "By the Lord, sir, just bring him to me. Just tell the waiter to send him up-stairs. Hurt her! I hurt her! O! I'm a fool! a fool! a d——d fool! Who's that?"

"It's Kew," says a voice out of the darkness from behind cigar No. 4, and Clive now, having a party assembled, scrapes a match and lights his candles.

"I heard your last words, Jack," Lord Kew says bluntly, "and you never spoke more truth in your life. Why did you come here? What right had you to stab that poor little heart over again, and frighten Lady Clara with your confounded hairy face? You promised me you would never see her. You gave your word of honour you wouldn't, when I gave you the money to go abroad. Hang the money, I don't mind that; it was on your promise that you would prowl about her no more. The Dorkings left London before you came there; they gave you your innings. They have behaved kindly and fairly enough to that poor girl. How was she to marry such a bankrupt beggar as you are? What you have done is a shame, Charley Belsize. I tell you it is unmanly, and cowardly."

"Pst," says Florac, "numero deux, voila le mot laché."

"Don't bite your thumb at me," Kew went on. "I know you could thrash me, if that's what you mean by shaking your fists; so could most men. I tell you again—you have done a bad deed; you have broken your word of honour, and you knocked down Clara Pulleyn to-day as cruelly as if you had done it with your hand."

With this rush upon him, and fiery assault of Kew, Belsize was quite bewildered. The huge man flung up his great arms, and let them drop at his side as a gladiator that surrenders, and asks for pity. He sank down once more on the iron bed.

"I don't know," says he, rolling and rolling round, in one of his great

hands, one of the brass knobs of the bed by which he was seated, "I don't know, Frank," says he, "what the world is coming to, or me either; here is twice in one night I have been called a coward by you, and by that little what-d'-you-call'm. I beg your pardon, Florac. I don't know whether it is very brave in you to hit a chap when he is down: hit again, I have no friends. I have acted like a blackguard, I own that; I did break my promise; you had that safe enough, Frank, my boy; but I did not think it would hurt her to see me," says he, with a dreadful sob in his voice. "By — I would have given ten years of my life to look at her. I was going mad without her. I tried every place, every thing; went to Ems, to Wiesbaden, to Hombourg, and played like hell. It used to excite me once, and now I don't care for it. I won no end of money,—no end for a poor beggar like me, that is; but I couldn't keep away. I couldn't, and if she had been at the North Pole, by Heavens I would have followed her."

"And so just to look at her, just to give your confounded stupid eyes two minutes' pleasure, you must bring about all this pain, you great baby," cries Kew, who was very soft-hearted, and in truth quite torn himself by the sight of poor Jack's agony.

"Get me to see her for five minutes, Kew," cries the other, griping his comrade's hand in his; "but for five minutes."

"For shame," cries Lord Kew, shaking away his hand, "be a man Jack, and have no more of this puling. It's not a baby, that must have its toy, and cries because it can't get it. Spare the poor girl this pain, for her own sake, and balk yourself of the pleasure of bullying and making her unhappy."

Belsize started up with looks that were by no means pleasant. "There's enough of this chaff. I have been called names, and blackguarded quite sufficiently for one sitting. I shall act as I please. I choose to take my own way, and if any gentleman stops me he has full warning." And he fell to tugging his mustachios, which were of a dark tawny hue, and looked as warlike as he had ever done on any field-day.

"I take the warning!" said Lord Kew, "And if I know the way you are going, as I think I do, I will do my best to stop you, madman as you are! You can hardly propose to follow her to her own doorway and pose yourself before your mistress as the murderer of her father, like Rodrigue in the French play. If Rooster were here it would be his business to defend his sister; in his absence I will take the duty on myself, and I say to you, Charles Belsize, in the presence of these gentlemen, that any man who insults this young lady, who persecutes her with his presence, knowing it can but pain her, who persists in following her when he has given his word of honour to avoid her, that such a man is——"

"What, my Lord Kew?" cries Belsize, whose chest began to heave.

"You know what," answers the other. "You know what a man is who insults a poor woman, and breaks his word of honour. Consider the word said, and act upon it as you think fit."

"I owe you four thousand pounds, Kew," says Belsize, "and I have got four thousand on the bills, besides four hundred when I came out of that place."

"You insult me the more," cries Kew flashing out, by alluding to the money. "If you will leave this place to-morrow, well and good; if not, you will please to give me a meeting. Mr. Newcome, will you be so kind as to act as my friend? We are connexions you know, and this gentleman chooses to insult a lady who is about to become one of our family."

"C'est bien, milord. Ma foi! c'est d'agir en vrai gentilhomme," says Florac delighted. "Touchez-là, mon petit Kiou. Tu as du cœur. Godam! you are a brave! A brave fellow!" and the Viscount reached out his hand cordially to Lord Kew.

His purpose was evidently pacific. From Kew he turned to the great guardsman, and taking him by the coat began to apostrophise him. "And you, mon gros," says he, "is there no way of calming this hot blood without a saignée? Have you a penny to the world? Can you hope to carry off your Chimène, O Rodrigue, and live by robbing afterwards on the great way? Suppose you kill ze Fazér, you kill Kiou, you kill Roostere, your Chimène will have a pretty moon of honey."

"What the devil do you mean about your Chimène and your Rodrigue? Do you mean, Viscount?" says Belsize, Jack Belsize once more, and he dashed his hand across his eyes. "Kew has riled me and he drove me half wild. I ain't much of a Frenchman, but I know enough of what you said, to say it's true, by Jove, and that Frank Kew's a trump. That's what you mean. Give us your hand, Frank. God bless you, old boy; don't be too hard upon me, you know I'm d——d miserable, that I am. Hullo. What's this?" Jack's pathetic speech was interrupted at this instant, for the Vicomte de Florac in his enthusiasm rushed into his arms, and jumped up towards his face and proceeded to kiss Jack. A roar of immense laughter, as he shook the little Viscount off, cleared the air and ended his quarrel.

Everybody joined in this chorus, the Frenchmen with the rest who said, "he loved to laugh *même* when he did not know why." And now came the moment of the evening, when Clive, according to Lord Kew's saying, behaved so well and prevented Barnes from incurring a great danger. In truth, what Mr. Clive did or said amounted exactly to nothing. What moments can we not all remember in our lives when it would have been so much wittier and wiser to say and do nothing?

Florac, a very sober drinker like most of his nation, was blessed with a very fine appetite, which, as he said, renewed itself thrice a day at least. He now proposed supper, and poor Jack was for supper too, and especially more drink, champagne and seltzer water; "bring champagne and seltzer water, there is nothing like it." Clive could not object to this entertainment, which was ordered forthwith, and the four young men sat down to share it.

Whilst Florac was partaking of his favourite écrevisses, giving not

only his palate but his hands, his beard, his mustachios and cheeks a full enjoyment of the sauce which he found so delicious, he chose to revert now and again to the occurrences which had just past, and which had better perhaps have been forgotten, and gaily rallied Belsize upon his warlike humour. "If ze petit prétendu was here, what would you have done wiz him, Jac? You would croquer im, like zis écrevisse, hein? You would mache his bones, hein?"

Jack, who had forgotten to put the seltzer water into his champagne, writhed at the idea of having Barnes Newcome before him, and swore, could he but see Barnes, he would take the little villain's life.

And but for Clive, Jack might actually have beheld his enemy. Young Clive after the meal went to the window with his eternal cigar, and of course began to look at That Other window. Here, as he looked, a carriage had at the moment driven up. He saw two servants descend, then two gentlemen, and then he heard a well-known voice swearing at the couriers. To his credit be it said, he checked the exclamation which was on his lips, and when he came back to the table, did not announce to Kew or his right-hand neighbour Belsize, that his uncle and Barnes had arrived. Belsize, by this time, had had quite too much wine: when the Viscount went away, poor Jack's head was nodding; he had been awake all the night before; sleepless for how many nights previous. He scarce took any notice of the Frenchman's departure.

Lord Kew remained. He was for taking Jack to walk, and for reasoning with him farther, and for entering more at large than perhaps he chose to do before the two others upon this family dispute. Clive took a moment to whisper to Lord Kew, "My uncle and Barnes are arrived, don't let Belsize go out; for goodness' sake let us get him to bed."

And lest the poor fellow should take a fancy to visit his mistress by moonlight, when he was safe in his room, Lord Kew softly turned the key in Mr. Jack's door.

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